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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

BUILDING THE FIRST FORT AT MADRAS.

(*From the picture by R. Caton Woodville.*)

In 1640 the East India Company obtained permission from a Hindu prince to purchase the ground adjoining the Portuguese settlement of St. Thomé, and on this they proceeded to raise Fort St. George and the town of Madras.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

The Mad Bull.

ONE day when Laura and Harry Graham came down to dessert they found their two little plates turned upside down. Upon lifting them they found two letters with large red seals, one directed to Master Harry Graham and the other to Miss Laura Graham. They were invitations to both to spend a week at Holiday House.

"I am asked too, and not Nurse!" cried Harry, almost screaming out for joy, whilst he skipped about the room, and ended by twirling Laura round and round till they both fell upon the floor.

"If that is how you intend to behave at Holiday House, we had better send your apology at once," said Lady Harriet, their grandmother, smiling. "Lord Rockville dislikes noise, and the slamming of a door or even the creaking of a pair of unruly shoes would put him distracted."

"Yes," added their Uncle David, "Holiday House is as quiet as Harry's drum with a hole in it. If a pin drops in any part of the mansion Lord Rockville becomes annoyed. You will feel quite fish-out-of-the-water-ish trying to be quiet and humdrum for a whole week, so let me advise you not to go."

But as they refused this advice, Uncle David added more, saying,—

"My good friends, try not to break all Lord Rockville's china ornaments the first day, spare a few jars and teacups, leave a pane or two of glass in the windows, and do not throw your marbles at the mirrors."

Having had so many warnings and directions about behaving well, Harry and Laura were so quiet for the first few days that they were like little shadows flitting through the rooms, going on tiptoe, scarcely speaking above a whisper, and letting themselves be seen but not heard.

Lord Rockville was quite charmed with such good conduct, for they were both very much in awe of him; he was so tall, so grand and so grave, wearing a large powdered wig and silver spectacles. Both the little visitors found Lady Rockville so kind and indulgent that she seemed like another grandmamma, and before her they sometimes broke into their old frolicsome ways. She seldom found fault, except when Harry one day ran away with Lord Rockville's favourite walking-stick to fish for minnows, with a long string and a crooked pin at the end, while on the same day Laura secretly mounted the ass that gave Lord Rockville milk, and rode all round the park, while he sat at home waiting for his morning glass.

Still, they both behaved well on the whole, and his lordship was heard to say that they were so punctual at dinner and so quiet that he really often forgot they were in the house. Indeed, Harry was so anxious to please, and to make up for bursting out laughing when Lord Rockville had put on two pairs of spectacles by mistake, that when he was asked if they would like a fire in the playroom, as the evenings were chilly, he answered very politely, "Thank you, my lord.

BRITISH MUSEUM

We are ready to think it hot or cold just as you please!"

All this was too good to last. One day, after a dull, wet morning, when the children had been forced to amuse themselves with cat's-cradle and dominoes, the sun suddenly burst forth.

Harry, with a shout of delight, sprang from his seat, pulled Laura from hers, upset the domino-table, and rushed out of the room. Away they both flew to the forest, Laura swinging her bonnet in her hand and Harry tossing his cap in the air, while Lord Rockville watched them angrily from the drawing-room window.

"I might as well live with a hammer and tongs as with those two children together," said he. "My only comfort is that, at any rate, they come home punctually to dinner at five. Nothing upsets me so much as people dropping in late and disordering the table."

Meantime the woods at Holiday House rang with sounds of mirth. Harry scrambled up the trees like a squirrel, gathering walnuts and crab-apples for Laura. Next, they both cut their names upon the bark of Lord Rockville's favourite beech, so that everybody who passed that way must see the large, distinct letters.

They were laughing and chatting over this, both talking at once, as noisy and happy as possible, when, all of a sudden, Laura turned pale and grasped hold of Harry's arm, saying in a low, frightened voice, "Hush, Harry—hush! I hear a very strange noise. It sounds like some wild beast. What can it be?"

Harry listened with all his ears. In the distance they heard a deep, growling sound, while there was a noise of trampling and of branches breaking, as if some large creature were forcing his way through.

Harry and Laura now stood like two little statues, not daring to breathe, they felt so terrified. The noise grew louder and louder, till at length a large black bull burst into view, with his tail standing high in the air. Bellowing loudly, he galloped straight towards the place where they stood.

Laura's knees tottered under her, and she at once dropped on the ground with terror. She thought she would die of fright, and never dreamed of trying to escape.

Harry, who was a bold boy and not easily scared, saw that something must be done at once. His first thought was for Laura.

"Hullo, Laura! Are you hiding in a cart-rut?" he exclaimed, pulling her hastily off the ground. "The bull will soon find you here. Come! come! as fast as possible. We must have a race for it yet."

All this time Harry was dragging Laura into the thickest part of the plantation; but it was not easy to get along, as she had become quite faint and dazed with fright.

"O Harry!" cried she, trembling all over, "you must get on alone! I am so weak with terror I cannot run a step farther."

"Do not waste your breath with talking," answered Harry, still pushing on at full speed. "How can you suppose I would be so shabby as to make my escape without you? No, no!

We must either both be caught or both get off."

Laura felt so grateful to Harry when he said this that she seemed for a moment almost to forget the bull, which was still coming furiously on behind. She tried to run faster than she had been doing before, while Harry held her firmly by the hand. The trampling noise continued, the breaking of branches, and the frightful bellowing of this dreadful animal. At last Harry caught sight of a wooden paling, which he silently pointed out to Laura, being quite unable now to speak. Having rushed forward to it with almost frantic haste, he threw himself over the top and helped Laura to squeeze herself underneath.

"That fence will puzzle Mr. Bull," said Harry, still gasping for breath. "We can push through places where his great hoof could scarcely get through. I saw him coming along with his heels in the air and his head down, like an enormous wheelbarrow."

Scarcely had Harry spoken before the furious animal advanced at full gallop towards the fence. He ran along the side a little way, and then suddenly tore up the paling with his horns, as if it had been made of paper, and rushed forward more rapidly than ever. Harry was beginning to fear that all was indeed over when, to his great joy, he espied a large rough stone wall not very far off.

"Run for your life, Laura," he cried, pointing it out. "We shall be safe if we can reach it."

On they both flew faster than the wind. Harry scrambled up the wall like a grasshopper, pulled Laura up beside him, and there they stood at last quite beyond reach of danger, while the enemy pawed the air, foaming and bellowing with disappointment.

It was long past five before Harry and Laura reached Holiday House, where Lord Rockville met them at the drawing-room door, looking taller and grander then ever.

Lady Rockville rose from her sofa and came up to them, saying, in a tone of gentle reproach, "My dear children, you ought to return home before the dinner hour, and not keep his lordship waiting!"

The children at once explained how very sorry they were for what had happened, and, to show that they were not to blame, told the whole frightful story of the mad bull.

His lordship frowned through his spectacles. "Pshaw! nonsense!" he exclaimed. "The bull would have done you no harm. He is a most respectable, quiet, well-disposed animal! When a bull runs at you another time, my boy, seize hold of his tail, or toss him, or, in short, do anything but run away. This is a mere excuse for keeping me waiting almost a quarter of an hour for dinner!"

Lord Rockville gravely looked at his watch, while Harry, remembering how often his grandmamma had told him to make no answer when he was scolded, nearly bit off the tip of his tongue to keep it quiet.

The dinner went on as uncomfortably as possible. Nothing was to be seen reflected in the fine silver dish-covers but very cross or very melancholy faces.

In the evening Lord Rockville, still in a bad humour, went out to take his usual walk before supper. He strolled into the woods, and it was beginning to grow very dark and gloomy when his lordship was startled by hearing a loud roar not far off. A moment later the furious bull dashed towards him in the very manner Harry had described, while poor Lord Rockville, who seldom moved more rapidly than at a dignified walk, strode away faster and faster, till at last it must be confessed his lordship ended by running.

In spite of all Lord Rockville's haste, the bull rapidly gained upon him; for his lordship, being rather stout and easily tired, stopped every now and then to gasp for breath. At last, feeling it impossible to get on faster, he seized the branch of a large oak tree which swept nearly to the ground, and managed to scramble out of reach.

The enraged bull gazed up into the tree, and bellowed with fury when he saw Lord Rockville perched overhead, and waited half an hour, watching to see if his lordship would venture down again. At last he began leisurely eating grass under the tree, but gradually he moved away, turning his back while he fed. Lord Rockville began to hope that he might steal off unnoticed, and began to come down very cautiously. He tried to tread as if he had been stepping on pins and needles, but in the end he jumped so heavily on the ground that the bull, hearing the noise, turned round, and set up a loud, furious roar when he saw his victim again within reach.

The race began once more! The odds seemed greatly in favour of the bull, and his lordship thought he already felt the animal's horns in his side, when luckily a groom appeared with a pitchfork and flew to the rescue.

Lord Rockville never stopped till he reached the stable and ran up into a loft. From the window he called out to several ploughmen and stable-boys, who managed at last to drive the mad bull into a stall.

Meantime, Harry and Laura and Lady Rockville were wondering what had become of his lordship. At last, when supper appeared, Lady Rockville exclaimed, "What can be the matter? This is very odd! His lordship is as punctual as the postman in general, and here is his favourite dish of sago and wine, which will be cold and uneatable in ten minutes."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when the door opened and Lord Rockville walked majestically into the room. Harry and Laura looked at each other in astonishment. His lordship's neckcloth was loose, his face very red, and his hand shook, while he breathed so hard that he might have been heard at the porter's lodge.

"What in all the world has happened to you this evening, my lord?" exclaimed Lady Rockville anxiously. "I never saw you in such a way before! Your dress is strangely disordered, and you seem so hot and fatigued. Tell me—what is the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Lord Rockville, drawing himself up and trying to look grander and graver than ever.

Harry watched him for some time,

panting and puffing and wiping his forehead. At last, unable to keep silent any longer, he started off his chair and, rubbing his hands with glee, cried, "I guess you've seen the bull! Oh, I am sure you did! Pray tell us if you have. Did he run after you—and did you run away?"

Lord Rockville tried very hard to look grave, but it would not do. Gradually his face broke into a smile, till at last he burst into loud peals of laughter, joined most heartily by Harry and Laura and Lady Rockville.

Nobody could be grave again for the rest of that evening, and even in their beds at night Harry and Laura both laughed themselves to sleep at the thought of Lord Rockville himself having been obliged after all to run away from that most respectable, quiet, well-disposed animal,

THE MAD BULL.

Golden Text for the Month.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.—ROMANS xii. 9.

Motto for April.

Each has a garden in his heart,
My mother says; the thoughts are seeds,
And, soon or late, they all come up
And blossom into deeds.
I'd like mine to be beautiful,
And not just full of weeds.

R. L. STEVENSON.

Sent in by NANCY ALLEN, Ashley, Rubery, near Birmingham, to whom a book prize has been awarded.

The Life of Jesus.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

NOW, as St. John preached to the people and told them how bad they were, some of them were very sad at heart, and wanted to live better lives; and then St. John baptized them in the river, to show that they were really sorry. Just as unclean things can be washed in water and made clean again, so it was a sign to show that they wanted their black hearts to be made white.

But one day, as St. John was baptizing, he looked up, and saw the King there, standing among the crowd.

No one knew that this was the King. He had no royal robes, no crown on His head. His hands were roughened with work, and He wore the dress of an ordinary poor peasant. Even St. John himself did not know Him, though something told him that he was in the presence of One mightier and holier than himself. So, when the King drew near and asked to be baptized among the rest, he was not willing to baptize Him at first. "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" he said. He would rather have knelt humbly at His feet. But Jesus wished to set a good example to others; and as the King had made known His will the servant could but obey.

Then it was that St. John, who had not recognized his Lord before, knew indeed that the King was there; for

the gates of Heaven were opened wide, and God's Holy Spirit like a dove came down and rested upon Him, while God's voice sounded through the blue, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Others besides St. John heard that voice, and, hearing it, left their teacher to follow the great Master. There was never a thought of self in the humble heart of God's messenger, and he was glad that people should leave him to follow the King. "He must increase, but I must decrease," he said. "He must grow greater and greater, while I grow less."

It was quite true. In a few months the messenger's voice was no longer heard on the banks of the Jordan. St. John no longer breathed the free air of the desert. Shut up in a dark dungeon, he waited the pleasure of King Herod Antipas, whose soldiers had seized him and dragged him to the Black Castle which overlooked the sad waters of the Dead Sea.

St. John feared no man. He had not hesitated to tell even a king that he was doing wrong, and so King Herod had determined to silence his accusing voice.

For one long year St. John lived in that dismal dungeon, and when at last the door was opened, it was a door through which he passed into the presence of God.

Suddenly one night, when a gay birthday feast was going on in the palace, a soldier entered the dungeon, carrying in his hands a sword and a golden dish. The prisoner's head was cut off with one blow, and borne away to the banqueting hall.

It was an easy matter to kill the body, but no one could kill the soul of the King's messenger. They could only set it free like a bird from a snare. The servant's work was ended. The voice that had cried aloud to prepare the way of the Lord was silent now, but his words could never die.

Beheaded in a dark dungeon, lonely and friendless, the words spoken by the angel Gabriel before his birth, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord," had indeed come true.

And the King, the Lord whom St. John served, said of His faithful servant these golden words: "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

(To be continued.)

The Workings of Conscience.

THE American who was touring England had been boasting again in the village inn.

"Talking of scarecrows," he said, "why, my father once put one up, and it frightened the crows so much that not one entered the field again for more than a year."

He looked triumphantly round his audience. Surely that had settled these country bumpkins!

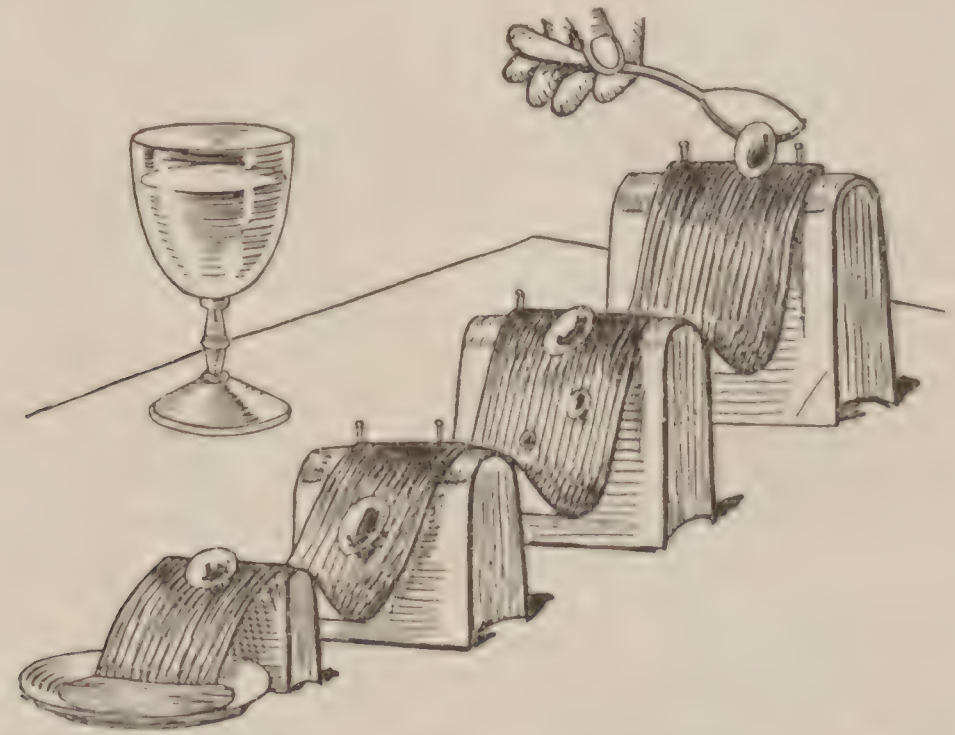
But he was to meet his match.

"That's nothing!" retorted a farmer. "A neighbour of mine once put a scarecrow into his potato patch, and it terrified the birds so much that one rascal of a crow that had stolen some potatoes came next day and put them back."

The Switchback Track.

WHEN a drop of water falls on a sheet of paper it gradually spreads out over a large area. It wets it.

This will not, however, happen with oiled paper or with paper which has been lamp-blacked, or, indeed, with any surface which is not wetted by the water.



Take, then, a band of fairly strong paper as long as possible. Several pieces gummed together will serve the purpose. Pass it through the smoky flame of a lamp, or preferably cover one of the sides with black lead. Set upright on the table a series of books of diminishing size. Pin to the backs the band of paper in such a way as to produce a series of undulations. This is the switchback track, the last section of which ends in a plate. Take a spoonfull of water and drop it on the topmost ridge. It will roll like a flattened ball down the first descent, and then in virtue of the momentum so gained will ascend to the next ridge, and so on from ridge to ridge until it reaches its goal in the plate.

A succession of drops of different sizes will have all the appearance of running a race the one with the other.

Calling in Cairo.

ENGLISHMEN who do not know Cairo sometimes take house in remote and undesirable parts of the city. A lady visiting Cairo wrote to a doctor for the address of some friends whom she knew he attended. This is the address he sent her:—"The M——'s live in a house without a number, in a street without a name, next door to an Armenian butcher who has no sign, west of Abdin palace. The staircase has eighty-seven steps."

A Real Mowgli.

A Romance of the North-east Frontier.

IN the undeveloped country round the Cachar Hills, on the north-east frontier of India, it is the usual custom for the villagers to mend and make roads instead of paying taxes; and not long ago, when the superintendent of the road-making there asked a villager to do his share of work, the man told him that he was afraid to leave his village. His wife had died just a short time before, and he was afraid his little wild son might run away into the jungle and get lost.

This statement aroused the curiosity of the superintendent; so he paid a visit to the villager, and found that his child was about seven years of age, and that he had many white scars of tiny cuts and scratches all over his body. The father told him the child's story. About five years before, the villagers of Cachari had killed two leopard cubs. The mother leopard afterwards prowled about the jungle bordering the village, and a few days later the villager's wife left her child on a cloth while she reaped rice, and on her return the child had disappeared. The villagers searched for it in all directions, but failed to find it. About three years after, a sportsman killed a leopard, and mentioned to the villagers that the dead animal had two cubs. The men searched the jungle, and found not only the two cubs but a wild human boy, and they all recognized him to be the lost child. It ran on all fours, almost as fast as a big man; dodged and hid in bushes most cleverly; bit and fought with every one who tried to catch it; and tore to pieces and ate with great rapidity any village fowl which came its way.

This is a true story, but it reminds us of Kipling's *Jungle Book*, in which the author describes a naked brown baby lost in the jungle and rescued by a wolf from the jaws of Shere-Khan, the tiger. The "man-cub" is borne to a cave, suckled by the mother wolf, and given the name of Mowgli (the frog). Mowgli is, after much discussion, adopted into the pack, and is allowed to run with them and share their life unharmed.

Castles in the Fire.

RAIN, hail, and snow,
The wind begins to blow;
Sit close around the fire
And watch the embers glow.

See the giant's castle,
And the robbers' cave,
Where the flame is spurtling
Like a tiny wave.

The giant's castle's fallen;
The robbers' cave is dim;
Nurse says it's time to light the gas,
For tea is coming in.

As bees hive sweets against cold winter's rage,
Should youth store happy memories for age.

The Last Class.

A Little Alsatian's Story of 1871.

I WAS very late in going to school that morning, and I was very much afraid I should be scolded, especially since M. Hamel had told us that he would question us upon the participles, and I did not know a word of them. For a moment I thought of shirking the class and going off across country.

The weather was so hot and clear.

One heard the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood, and, in the Rippert meadow behind the sawmill, the Prussians at their drill. These things were much more attractive than the laws of participles; but I had the strength to resist them, and I ran very quickly towards the school.

In passing by the town hall I saw that there was a group of people by the little notice board. For the last two years all the bad news has come to us from there: lost battles, requisitions, orders from headquarters, and, without stopping, I thought,—

"What is it now?"

Then as I crossed the square on the run, the blacksmith Wachter, who was there with his apprentice reading the notice, shouted to me,—

"Don't hurry so, little one; you will always get fast enough to that school of yours!"

I thought he was laughing at me, and, out of breath, I went into M. Hamel's little courtyard.

Usually, at the beginning of a class, there was a great noise that could be heard from the road—desks opening and shutting, lessons being repeated all together at the top of the voice, with stopped ears, to learn them the better, and the master's big ferule tapping on the tables, for "a little silence."

I counted on all this fuss to let me reach my seat unnoticed; but on this particular day all was quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my schoolfellows already in their places, and M. Hamel walking to and fro with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of the calm. You may well think I blushed and was afraid.

Well, nothing happened. M. Hamel looked at me without anger, and said very gently,—

"Go quickly to your place, my little Franz; we were going to begin without you."

I stepped over the bench and sat down at once at my desk. Only then, a little recovered from my fright, I noticed that our teacher was wearing his beautiful green frockcoat, his fine frilled shirt-front, and the embroidered black cap that he only put on on inspection days, or for prize-givings. Then, too, there was something unusual and solemn about the whole class. But what surprised me most was to see at the end of the room, on the benches that were usually empty, the men of the village, seated and silent like ourselves—old Hauser with his cocked hat, the old mayor, the old postman, and others besides these. They all seemed sad; and Hauser had brought an old dog-eared

spelling-book, that he held wide open on his knees, his big spectacles laid across the page.

While I was wondering at all this, M. Hamel had gone up into his chair, and said, in the same grave and gentle voice with which he had received me,—

"My children, this is the last of your classes that I shall take. The order has come from Berlin that in the future nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. . . . . The new teacher comes to-morrow. To-day's is your last lesson in French. I beg you to be very attentive."

These few words horrified me. Ah! the wretches, that was what they had posted up at the town hall.

My last lesson in French! . . .

And I too, who scarcely knew how to write! I should never learn! I

should have to stop there! . . . How I longed now for the time I had lost, lessons shirked for bird-nesting, or sliding on the Saar. My books that so lately I found dull, and heavy to carry, my Grammar, my Sacred History, seemed now old friends from whom I should find it hard to part. It was the same with M. Hamel. The idea that he was going away, that I should not see him again, made me forget punishments and blows with the ruler.

Poor man!

It was in honour of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and I understood now why the old men of the village had come to sit at the end of the room. It was as much as to say that they were sorry they had not come more often to this school of theirs. It was also a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of good service, and of paying their respects to the departing fatherland.

I was at this point in my reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from end to end that famous rule of the participles, in a loud voice, very clear, without a mistake; but I got muddled in the first words, and I stood swaying against my bench, with a swelling heart, not daring to lift my head. I heard M. Hamel speaking to me.

"I shall not scold you, my little Franz; you should be sufficiently punished . . . that is how it is. Every day one says to oneself: 'Bah! I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens . . . Ah! the great misfortune of our Alsace has been always to put off learning till to-morrow. Now these people have the right to say to us, 'What! You pretend to be French, and you do not know how to read or write your own language!' In all that, my poor Franz, you are not the most to blame. We have all of us a good deal for which to reproach ourselves."

And then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel began to talk to us of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest, the most solid; that we ought to keep it amongst us and never forget it, because, when a nation falls into slavery, so long as it clings close to its language, it holds the key of its prison. . . .

Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was surprised to see how well I understood. Everything he said seemed easy to me, easy. I think too that I had never listened so well, and that he had never put such care into his explanations. One would have said that the poor man wished to give us all his knowledge before he left us, to get it into our heads at a single blow.

When the lesson was done we went on to writing. For that day, M. Hamel had prepared new copies for us, on which were written in fine round hand: *France, Alsace, France, Alsace.* It was as if little flags waved all round the class, hung to the rods of our desks. It was a thing to see how we all worked, and in what a silence. There was nothing to be heard but

the scratching of the pens on the paper. Once some cockchafers flew in, but no one paid any attention, not even the very little ones who were busied in tracing their pothooks with as much good will and earnestness as if even the pothooks were in French. On the roof of the schoolhouse pigeons were gently cooing, and I said to myself as I heard them,—

"Will they make them sing in German, them too?"

From time to time when I looked up from my page, I saw M. Hamel motionless in his chair, gazing at the objects about him, as if he wished to carry away with him in his mind's eye the whole of his little schoolhouse. . . . Think! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his court-yard in front of him, and his class just the same. Only the benches and desks had been polished with the rubbings of use; the walnut-trees in the yard had grown, and the hop he had planted himself now climbed round the window and up to the roof. How heart-breaking it must have been for the poor man to be leaving all these things, and to hear his sister packing their boxes, coming and going in the room overhead. For they were to go next day—to leave the country for ever.

All the same, he had the courage to go through with our lesson to the end. After the writing we had our history class; and then the little ones sang their *Ba—Bé—Bi—Bo—Bu* all together. Away at the end of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and holding his A B C in both hands, was spelling the letters with them. It was clear that he too was serious in his work; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and to cry. I shall not forget that last lesson.

Suddenly the church clock struck for noon, and then the Angelus. At the same moment the bugles of the Prussians coming back from drill sounded under our windows. . . . M. Hamel rose, very pale, from his chair. I had never thought him so tall.

"My friends," he said, "my friends . . . I . . . I . . ."

But something stifled him. He could not finish his sentence.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, pressing on it with all his strength, wrote as large as he could,—

Vive la France!

Then he stayed there, leaning his head against the wall, and without speaking, signed to us with his hand,—

"That will do . . . Dismiss."—*From the French of Alphonse Daudet.*

How Fast can You say Them?

HERE are a number of amusing "tongue-twisters":—

A glowing gleam growing green.

The black breeze blighted the bright blossoms.

Flesh of freshly flying fish.

Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

Slick, strong Stephen Stringer snared six slickly sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop welcoming him in.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

By Ethel Talbot.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER all, the salt sea air was making Marjorie feel uncommonly sleepy, and the sleepier she grew the less alarming the "ghost" seemed to be. By the time Jim had found a snug little sheltered place high and dry between two rocks, had hollowed out the sand into a warm little bed, had shown her how to lie comfortably there, and had then heaped sand over her up to her waist, she felt as snug and warm as though she were in her own room at home. Jim himself, delighted with his success in the matter, took up his position beside the still glowing fire not many yards distant.

Marjorie sleepily watched him, while the late blue of the long Highland evening changed to the darkness of the short night. She dozed then, and woke again to see a star or two peep out, and dozed once more; but between each fitful dream Jim's sturdy figure was always there, not many yards away. Muffled up in his overcoat he sat over the fire, a guardian between the little girl and the "haunted rock."

But calm and uneventful as the night had seemed to Marjorie, to Jim the element of excitement had certainly not been missing. He, too, had felt sleepy and horribly tired at first; but after making his small companion comfortable for the night and heaping up the fire, he had settled down to his watch, determined to keep awake at all costs until the morning. For a little while he fought manfully against his desire for sleep; he tried to think consecutively, looked at his watch innumerable times, but at last was settling down, in spite of his efforts, into a kind of semi-stupor, when a sudden flash of light made him altogether wide awake and eager.

The tide was slowly coming in, but still the sand was clear; he could see round the bend of the coast-line to where the point stood out. In the last dying gleam of light in the long July evening the long gray outline of the "haunted rock" showed clearly. He was watching it when the flash came again; then there was another, and another. What could it mean?

For an instant Jim felt inclined to leave his post and investigate further. Could it be that there was some one on the island besides themselves, he wondered. But no; they had looked all round that afternoon, and they must have seen if there had been any one there, or if there had been any sign of habitation. Of course, there was the cave; could any one be *there?* Or could any one have been cast up on the beach besides themselves? Should he go and see? Jim tried to think steadily, and to answer the various questions that kept asking themselves in his brain. After about a quarter of an hour spent in thinking out the matter, he had come to his decision.

"I can't leave this place now," he

said to himself, "with the kid asleep, and all. I'm on duty, in a sort of way, and if I were to go"—here he looked longingly towards the gray rock—"and the kid woke and was frightened, well, it'd never do." Jim set his chin and sat still; but all through the short darkness of the summer night, while Marjorie slept, he kept his eyes turned in the direction of the rock, and every now and then a flash was seen. Was it a lantern flash? and if so, was it from the cave itself, or from the beach?

"And at any rate," said Jim, "there *is* something up there, ghost or no ghost; and it won't be my fault if I don't find out somehow what it is." He sat like a statue till the dawn began to break slowly over the sea; then, after heaping up the fire, he looked backwards at Marjorie's sleeping figure and smiled. "Everything's all right now, I expect," he said. "And, oh, I *am* jolly sleepy." His watch over, he wrapped himself up more closely in his overcoat, and fell fast asleep on the sand.

It was broad daylight when he awoke. Marjorie was nowhere to be seen, and—the fire was out. He sat up and yawned and stretched himself, looked at his watch, and stared. "By Jiggers!" he exclaimed; "why, it's nine o'clock!"

"I *couldn't* wake you up, you looked so tired," said Marjorie's voice over the ridge, "so I didn't. I just got up and washed in a pool, and saw a baby-crab, and—here I am. But I've done such a silly thing, and I do hope you'll not be dreadfully cross."

"What is it?" inquired Jim, struggling to his feet and feeling horribly ashamed of himself. "What a dunderheaded sluggard I am!" he declared. "What on earth possessed me? You should have waked me, little 'un."

"I—I thought I'd surprise you," said Marjorie, "and make the rest of the chocolate into something to drink, like yesterday. And the fire was out, and—and, well, that's what I've got to confess. I've been trying for ages to make another fire over there between two rocks. I tried the very way you did yesterday, but it wouldn't light, and all the matches are wasted."

She was quite surprised at the horrified face that Jim turned towards her. "You've used them all!" he exclaimed. "Why, you—" He stopped himself just in time. "I—I forgot you were a girl," he said, "but don't you know that that's all we've got?" He stared at her with horror in his eyes.

"Yes, I know," said Marjorie, half crying; "but I just thought——"

"A pity you didn't think a bit more, I should say," said Jim severely. For a minute he felt too annoyed and concerned to speak. That "the kid" should have used the priceless matches which he had left in her possession, and in such a futile way! "A *girl's* fire," he muttered to himself. At the back of his mind he was really enraged with himself for having slept until the fire was out. He had meant to keep it up night and day until they were actually rescued. And here, indeed, was a pretty kettle of fish.

"Can't you make a fire any other way?" said Marjorie, half crying "I only wanted——"

"Look here, mate," Jim turned, "cheer up! I've been a brute; but, don't you see, suppose we're not picked up to-day! Don't you understand? What should we do?"

The possibility of such a thing did not seem to have entered Marjorie's thoughts. She stared. "But I thought—" she said.

"Well, I hope they will come; but they mayn't, and we must be prepared. Of course, now it's fine and sunny; but there's nights, and fires are jolly difficult things to get alight, you know, unless—" Jim knitted his brows.

"Aren't there any ways to get fires from the sun?" suggested Marjorie apologetically.

"Yes, I suppose so; but they're jolly difficult, except in the tropics, or somewhere. There's a way the aborigines do in the Australian bush, though; we might try that. A chap at school told me about it. They point one end of a stick of wood and stick the point into a hole that they've made in another stick, and then they twist the pointed stick round inside the other one, you know, and then in time there's smoke, and then fire. But the chap that told me said it was rather difficult." Jim knitted his brows.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Marjorie; "and if we have to stay here"—she gave a little gulp—"I *will* remember that you're captain, as you said. But I'd brought such splendid shells for us to have the chocolate from, you know, and—everything." She pulled out her handkerchief, and out came a collection of treasures as well.

"Why!" exclaimed Jim excitedly, pouncing upon something that glittered and then rattled down over the stones, "how did you get *that?* It's the very thing we want."

(*To be continued.*)

An Accepted Invitation.

THE Austrian humorous writer of the nineteenth century, M. G. Saphir, was as ready with his tongue as with his pen, as the following anecdote will show. Among his friends was a Madame Lämmel, who was renowned for her stinginess. Although she loved to have people of culture at her table, she would not open her purse enough to make that table attractive.

Once, after a particularly poor and scanty dinner, Madame Lämmel asked her guest,—

"And when, my dear Saphir, would you dine with me again?"

Saphir heaved a hungry sigh. "At once."

"Me and the Prince."

THE secretary of King George tells an amusing story about one of his Majesty's body servants. The servant was explaining to the secretary an incident that had recently taken place.

"Me and the prince—" he began, when the king's secretary stopped him.

"You should say 'the prince and I,'" he observed.

The man gazed at him for a moment and then replied,—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not know you were there at all. However, 'you and me and the prince——'"

Rules for Competitors.

(For Rules see previous issues.)

Competitions for April.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write the autobiography of a dog. (The paper must not be over 250 words in length.)

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH STATESMEN.

Eleven British statesmen are concealed in this diamond. Aunt Mary will be pleased to see how many of her competitors will find them out.

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DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing, a little larger, of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Write a short paper on Cain and Abel.
2. Tell the story of the ascension of Jesus.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of *A Real Mowgli* on page 71.

FOUR JUMBLED PROVERBS COMPETITION.

Each of the following lines represents a proverb. To get the proverb change one letter in each word.

Ill us pair on lode ant ear.
Ail as will what ands tell.
Rime any hide want fur to pan.
She earls bind watches toe form.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a dog, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell what you know about Judas Iscariot.

For Children under Ten only.

WRITING COMPETITION.

On a postcard write the word (in your very best writing) INVITATION.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a piece of wallflower, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for February.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Freda Combe, Hollist, Midhurst, Essex.
2. Lily Stewart, May Street Church, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Thompson and Dorothy Atlay, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Donald Robertson, 8 Anwoth Road, Corstorphine; Ethel Pope and George Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Jessie Edwards, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

1. Louie Parkhill, Waverley Terrace, Coleraine, Co. Derry. 2. Daisy Ruffels, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Albert Foye, 9 Annalee Street, Belfast; Mary Pollard, 13 Buriton Row, Penzance; Mollie Bateson, 78 Bullingdon Road, Oxford; Beatrice Bucknell, C. of E. School, Knowstone, South Molton, Devon; Irene Murdoch, 5 Strathcona Street, Anniesland, Glasgow; Violet Fiddler and Winnie Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

The answer was February. The honours, as usual, are awarded to the competitors sending in the neatest work.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (A).

1. Phyllis Child, Klosters, 69 Priory Avenue, High Wycombe. 2. James Fisher, 27 Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Ena Telfer, 1 Belgrave Terrace, Corstorphine; Dorothy Knowles, 41 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds; Frank Holland, Myrtle Cottage, Oxen Road, Crewkerne, Somerset; Dorothy Coltman, 32 Totteridge Road, High Wycombe; Lucy Armstrong, Minshull Vernon C. of E. School; Tom Wilson, Diamond, Coleraine, Co. Derry.

Scripture Knowledge Competition (A).

1. Florinda Fowler, Midhurst, Horsham, Sussex. 2. Ethel M'Gregor, 73 Comiston Drive, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Percival Buckingham and Dorothy Gough, C. of E. School, Knowstone, South Molton; John M'Calden, Station Buildings, Lenzie, near Glasgow; Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Ada Coley and Kitty Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford.

Composition Competition.

1. Cyril Jones, C. of E. School, Knowstone, South Molton. 2. Madge Read, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Decima Rawlinson and Marjorie Warren, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Katie Symonds, 11 Oxford Street, Landport, Portsmouth; Alan Weir, 735 Hawthorn Street, Springburn, Glasgow; Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, near Midhurst; Ella Shields, 2 Swilly Terrace, Buncrana, Co. Donegal; Babs Allison, 8 Easton Crescent, Cliftonville, Belfast.

Beheadings Competition.

1. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent. 2. Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Barron, 11 Chalmers Crescent, Corstorphine; Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (B).

1. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring. 2. Andrew Murray, Bayview, Brora.

Honourable Mention.—Elsie Cole, 103 Hertford Street, Landport, Portsmouth; John Clarke, Sumpner's Farm, Dunton, near Brentwood; Joseph Clay and George Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Scripture Knowledge Competition (B).

1. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow. 2. May Gray, 12 Poldrate, Haddington.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Mooney, 43 Duke Street, Glasgow; Margaret Finlay, Braemar, Shandon Drive, Bangor, Co. Down; Nellie Daniels and Constance Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Kathleen M'Closkie, 2 Alma Place, Londonderry; Jean Jackson and Leslie Jarvis, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Letter Competition.

1. Winifred Crossland, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. 2. Harry Abbott, The Laurels, Beacon Hill, Rednal, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Muriel Sykes and Margaret Beattie, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Phyllis Davies and Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Gordon Clarke, Sumpner's Farm, Dunton, Brentwood; Nancy Allen, Ashley, Rubery, Birmingham; Joseph Taylor and Harry Jones, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (C).

1. Stanley Herbert, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring, Herts. 2. Fred Driver, 134 Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—John Hill, C. of E. School, Knowstone, South Molton; Minnie Langlands, Joppa Salt Pans, Joppa; Ian M'Intyre, The Manse, Lerwick, Shetland; Barbara Farr, Lovedale, Kilcreggan; Clive Ironmonger and Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. April.

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Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

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